

No. 53

BIG SHOT

10c

FEBRUARY

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IN THIS ISSUE:
THE FACE
JOE PALOOKA
SPARKY WATTS
CHARLIE CHAN
DIXIE DUGAN
THE SKYMAN
and BO

GOLLY, DIXIE,
I DINT KNOW'
SLAPHAPPY COULD
DANCE LIKE THAT!

HE'S A REGULAR
JITTERBUG!



Starting this issue:

BRASS KNUCKLES

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



PIANO PLAYING

So Easy It's Really Amazing!



Mr. Dave Minor, Who Is On the Radio From Coast-to-Coast, Guarantees He Will Teach You to Play the Piano by Ear Without Knowing One Music Note From Another, Or No Cost.

Mr. Dave Minor is the man with the largest music class in the world . . . the man who guarantees if you can hum, whistle, or sing a tune, and if you are willing to spend a few minutes a day for three weeks at the piano, he can teach you to play the piano by ear, entirely without music notes of any kind. It sounds too good to be true, but it is true. You can prove it for yourself, just by mailing the coupon.

Special Introductory Offer . . .

\$1.49

Here is an outstanding offer to everyone who would like to play the piano. Mr. Minor has just completed a new "play by ear" piano course that is the easiest and quickest method you ever saw. It's so good and so practical that if, in three weeks, you're not actually playing the piano, your money back. Now, isn't that fair? So, don't wait. Mail the coupon now and get in on a special offer so wonderful it's amazing!

SEND NO MONEY . . . MAIL COUPON TEST AT OUR RISK

Even if you never played the piano or don't know one note from another, Dave Minor's new improved "play by ear" piano course must teach you or you are not out a red cent! It contains all the pictures, all the easy-to-follow instructions. It's as simple as ABC. 25 lessons in all, less than 6¢ a lesson! For over 25 years, Dave Minor has been teaching folks to play the piano. He has thousands of satisfied students, but never before has he been able to offer you such a complete and simplified method to play the piano by ear. You start playing chords at once, and soon you'll be playing all kinds of songs from Dave Minor's big free song book, for your own pleasure and for the entertainment of your family and friends. Mail the coupon, pay \$1.49 plus C. O. D. postage on arrival, on guarantee you may return course in three weeks, if not satisfied, for full refund.

GUITAR MADE EASY

I have received so many requests that I now offer lovers of the guitar a simple home study course at the unusually low price of only \$1.00. If you would like to learn to play this fascinating instrument, check coupon. Mail your order today.

and still that isn't all

If you act promptly, now, Dave Minor will give you, absolutely free of extra costs, his big 72-page book of 50 America's favorite songs. There's not one note of music in this book, but it teaches you to play waltzes, ballads, marches, patriotic and popular songs. All you do is follow the first few pages of the Piano Course and you can play any song from this DE LUXE song book. You get this Song Book free just by ordering the new and simplified "play-by-ear" piano course that is guaranteed to teach you to play the piano or money back. Mail coupon today.

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FREE

DAVE MINOR'S FA-
MOUS "PLAY BY
EAR" PIANO SONG
BOOK GIVEN FREE.

mail this coupon

MR. DAVE MINOR, Dept. 52-BB
230 EAST OHIO, CHICAGO 11, ILL.

Send your brand-new, complete "Play-by-Ear" Course of 25 lessons and Free 72-page Piano Song Book. I'll pay \$1.49 plus C. O. D. postage on arrival on your positive guarantee I may return course in 3 weeks for full refund. (Send \$1.49 with order and Dave Minor pays postage.)

Name

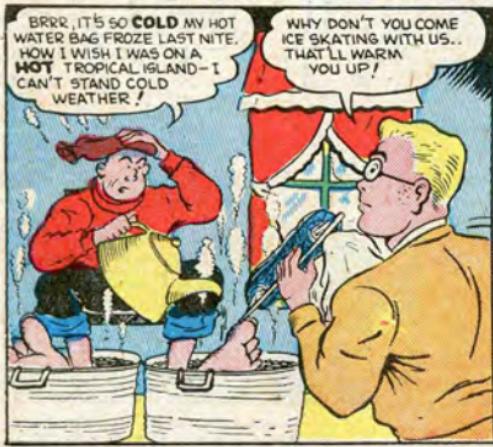
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I am interested in learning to play the Guitar. Please send me complete course, for which I will pay \$1.00 plus postage.

SPARKY WATTS



BIG SHOT



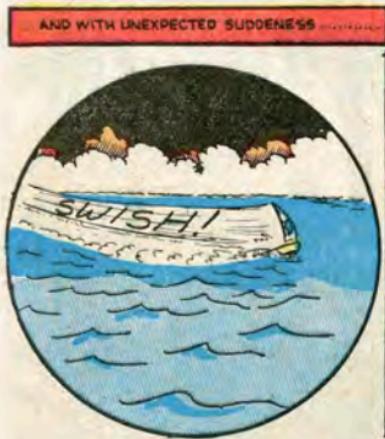
BATER — BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



AH! I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS PLACE. AS SOON AS I'M THAWED OUT I THINK I'LL SETTLE HERE!

LET'S TAKE HIM UP THIS HILL! THERE THE SUN WILL BE HOTTEST IN THE MORNING.

BIG SHOT



The logo consists of a stylized 'M' and 'O' in red, with a small red square above them, all contained within a white circle.

THE
WORLD'S
FUNNIEST
STRONG
MAN
IN THE
NEXT
ISSUE!

The SKYMAN



THE TWISTS OF FATE ARE STRANGE--ALLEN TURNER, FOR INSTANCE, WOULD HAVE THOUGHT ANYONE CRAZY WHO SUGGESTED THAT A TIME WOULD COME WHEN, AS THE SKYMAN, HE WOULD BE BENDING ALL HIS EFFORTS TO SAVE JAPAN!

CHARLIE STEPHEN

THEN DROM IS DEAD
SKYMAN ?

I RATHER THINK SO,
SUE - HIS PLANE
CRASHED IN THE
CANYON, WITH NEARLY
A QUART OF V-69
A BOARD ---



THAT WAS AN INCREDIBLE
BLAST WHEN MY PLANE HIT--
AND YET I'D LEFT ONLY A
ONE-OUNCE BOTTLE OF V-69
EXPLOSIVE IN THE SEAT--
NOW I KNOW V-69 IS EXACTLY
WHAT I NEED TO ACCOMPLISH
MY PURPOSE--!

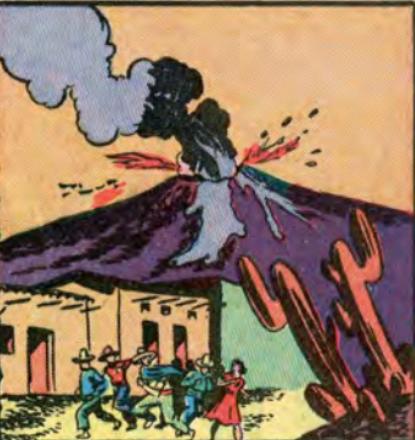
BUT DROM IS STILL ALIVE



BIG SHOT

THIS STUFF MIGHT HAVE GONE OFF FROM THE JOLT OF MY LAND-ING--BUT IT WAS A CHANCE I HAD TO TAKE!

TWO WEEKS LATER DROM'S PLAN BEGINS TO MANIFEST ITSELF IN A DRAMATIC AND UNUSUAL WAY--IN A SMALL AND ANCIENT MEXICAN TOWN--



THE ERUPTION WHICH OCCURRED TWO DAYS AGO IS A SCIENTIFIC MYSTERY, BECAUSE THE VOLCANO HAS BEEN DORMANT FOR SIXTY YEARS---

ALLEN TURNER?---THIS IS SUE ST. MARIE! CAN YOU GET IN TOUCH WITH SKYMAN?--TELL HIM I'M AT MY PLACE IN CANADA---AND TELL HIM DROM'S ALIVE!



SHE SCREAMED AND THE PHONE WENT DEAD!---LOOKS LIKE I'D BETTER BECOME SKYMAN PRONTO AND GET UP TO THE LAURENTIAN HIGHLAND AS FAST AS I CAN--!

AND SO, A FEW HOURS LATER IN A LONELY REGION OF THE LAURENTIAN HIGHLAND---



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BIG SHOT

DESTROY JAPAN!- BUT HOW?

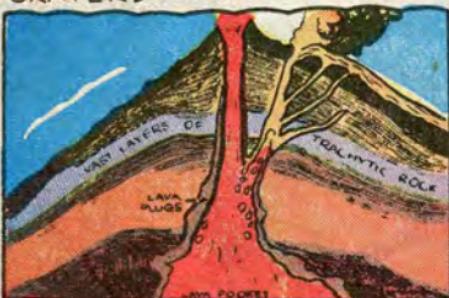
WHILE THE AUTOMATIC PILOT FLIES YOUR PLANE, I SHALL BE VERY GLAD TO EXPLAIN! YOU SEE, SKYMAN, JAPAN RESTS ON VERY SHAKY GEOLOGIC FOUNDATIONS-



-"HUNDREDS OF VOLCANOES DOT THE ISLES OF NIPPON-AND ABOUT THIRTY OF THEM ARE ACTIVE NOW. IF SOMETHING SHOULD JAR THE DORMANT ONES INTO ERUPTION, WHO CAN TELL WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN?"



"THINK HOW A VOLCANO OPERATES ---NOW SUPPOSE THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE-V-69-WAS USED TO BOMB THE HARDENED LAVA PLUGS LOOSE IN SEVERAL CRATERS ---"



"MIGHT NOT THE INTERIOR GASES AND MOLTEN LAVA BE RELEASED IN A SERIES OF SIMULTANEOUS ERUPTIONS?---RIGHT AFTER DOOLITTLE'S RAID YOU KNOW, THE GREAT VOLCANO, ASO SAN, ERUPTED VIOLENTLY---?"



SO-THIS SERIES OF VOLCANIC EXPLOSIONS MIGHT RESULT IN EARTHQUAKES-WHICH MIGHT COLLAPSE THE FAULTY EARTH STRATA BENEATH JAPAN -'

HE'S MAD, SUE ABSOLUTELY MAD!

"MAD"
WHY-?

BECAUSE NO ONE KNOWS HOW THE FRACTURES IN THE LAND BASE OF JAPAN AFFECT THE REST OF THE EARTH'S CRUST.— YOUR LITTLE STUNT MIGHT DESTROY THE WORLD!



BIG SHOT

SO?—THAT IS
A RISK THE WORLD
MUST TAKE--?



NORTH-WEST FLIES THE WING, RACING IN A GREAT ARC THROUGH THE STRATOSPHERE, UNTIL AT LAST DROM CUTS THE MOTORS AND PUTS THE GREAT PLANE IN A LONG, SLANTING GLIDE--

DROM'S BUSY AT THE CONTROLS—
SO I SNEAKED BACK AGAIN!

GOOD GIRL?
CAN YOU
FREE ME--?

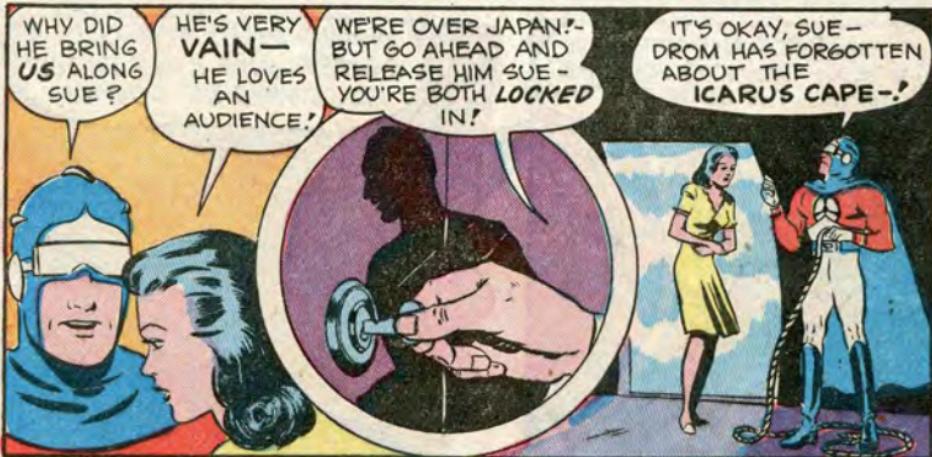


WHY DID
HE BRING
US ALONG
SUE?

HE'S VERY
VAIN—
HE LOVES
AN
AUDIENCE!

WE'RE OVER JAPAN!—
BUT GO AHEAD AND
RELEASE HIM SUE—
YOU'RE BOTH LOCKED
IN!

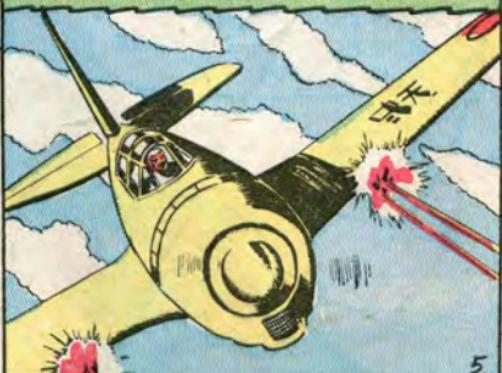
IT'S OKAY, SUE—
DROM HAS FORGOTTEN
ABOUT THE
ICARUS CAPE—!



I HATE TO LEAVE HER LIKE
THIS—BUT I MUST WARN THE
JAPS!—BECAUSE IF DROM'S
VOLCANO-BOMBING WORKS, IT
MIGHT BE THE END OF THE EARTH.



AND THEN UNEXPECTEDLY, OUT OF
THE SUN, A JAPANESE HAWK
SUDDENLY SWOOPS----!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

MEN!

Sensational New

NECKTIE GLOWS
in the Dark!

BY DAY:
A
WONDERFUL
NECKTIE



BY NIGHT:
THE MOST
UNIQUE EFFECT
YOU HAVE
EVER SEEN



**CREATES A SENSATION
WHEREVER YOU GO . . .**

It seems almost unbelievable, the magic beauty of an amazing new kind of stylish, wrinkleproof, high-class necktie that actually glows in the dark! Glows with a strange, luminous pattern of the patriot's universal fighting code. — "V"! It's called the new Victory Necktie, and what a sensation! Both men and women rave about its magnificent beauty, and the startling miracle of its glow in the dark, and makes it the most unusual strikingly unique tie you've ever seen. Imagine its marvelous effect—it's actual protection in blackouts, or dimouts, for its light can be seen at a distance. And now, through this astounding but limited introductory offer, you, too, can secure some of these ties to wear yourself or give as treasured gifts.



YOU MUST SEE THIS MIRACLE YOURSELF
SEND NO MONEY . MAIL COUPON . TEST AT OUR RISK

Make no mistake, this new Victory Necktie must not be confused with any ordinary novelty tie, for by day you'll be vastly proud of its fine material, its smartness—a high-class, distinctive tie in every way. Wrinkleproof! Ties up perfectly! It's a rich dark blue, and in a splendor of red and white, is the Victory Code that glows in the dark. You would expect this wonderful tie to be very expensive, but it won't cost you \$5.00 nor even \$2.00, for under this special limited offer, it is yours for only 98c. Nor is that all. You send no money. You merely pay postman 98c plus postage. Then examine. See how beautiful. And if you're not eager to wear it, if you are not fully satisfied in every way, all you need to do is return it under the manufacturer's positive assurance of money refunded. That's fair, isn't it? Don't wait. Send for your Victory Necktie that glows in the dark NOW!

ONLY 98¢

Everywhere you go, by day or night, your Victory (also called Blackout) Necktie will attract attention, envy, and admiration. Imagine its beauty by day—the fighting man's "V" for Victory, in striking, red, white and blue! And at night the Victory Code in flaming beauty! Wear this tie with pride—it's smart, wrinkleproof—and holds its shape perfectly. A superb bargain in quality, with the added sensational magic of glowing in the dark. Send for yours now!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO., Dept. 512K
207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Rush me my Victory Necktie that glows in the dark. I will pay postman 98c plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted, or return tie for full refund.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for \$2.79 check here

Name

Address

City Zone State

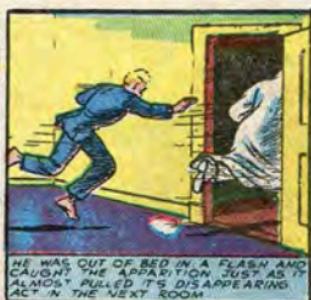
JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA

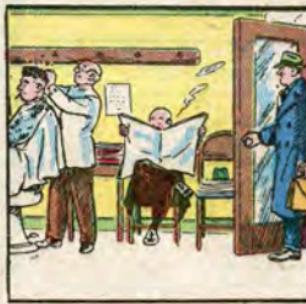
by HAM FISHER.



BIG SHOT

JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



AH--GO YERSELF--AHHH--
I WOULDN'T EVEN
GIT A SHAVE IN YOUR
PUNK JOINT--AHH--

JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



DIXIE DUGAN

MC EVOY
AND
STRIEBEL

RONNIE
KINTER
PRETENDED
TO BE
SICK
TO GET
AWAY
FROM
HIS
AUNT,
UNCLE
AND
COUSIN !

YOU SHOULD BE PUNISHED FOR THIS BUT I HAVEN'T GOT THE TIME !— NOW GET OUT.

Y-YES, SIR JUST A MINUTE—

COME HERE,
DOCTOR !

??? —
S' MATTER ??

LOOK AT HIS EYES !

OH-OH !
LOOKS
LIKE
DIXIE
AND THE
DOCTOR
ARE UP
SOMETHING !

HMM— FUNNY I DIDN'T NOTICE THAT BEFORE ! THIS CASE DEMANDS CERTAIN MEDICINE !

HUH ?

STEP ON IT,
DRIVER !

W-WHAT IS IT, DOC ?—
WHAT IS IT ?

I—I TOLD YOU I ONLY
PRETENDED TO BE
SICK ! LET ME GO !
LET ME GO !

PRETENDED
SICKNESS HAS TO
BE TAKEN CARE OF,
TOO !

GET HIM INTO
BED !

YES, SIR !



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

LATER



BIG SHOT



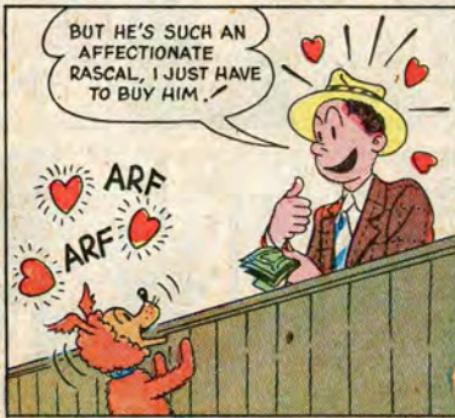
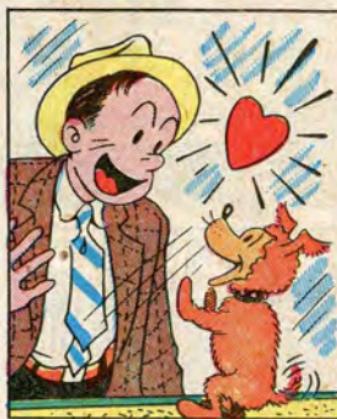
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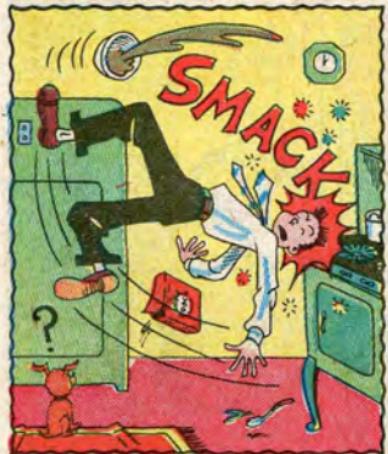
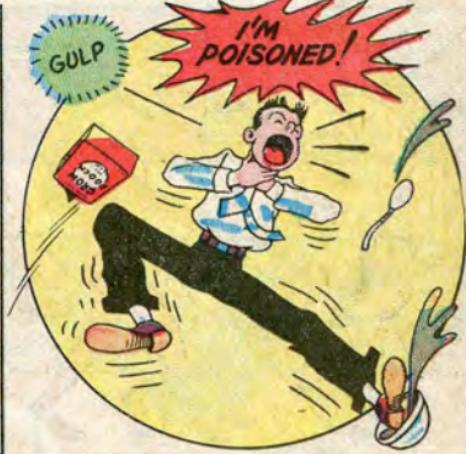
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BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



CHARLIE CHAN

BY ALFRED ANDRIOLA

CHARLIE, GINA AND KIRK ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO TO PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THE TWO ENEMY AGENTS...

YOU MUST WATCH FOR THIS MAN - PERHAPS ACCOMPANIED BY EXOTIC WOMAN!

EVERETT MORGAN! - WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, CHARLIE?

YES - WHERE DO WE WATCH FOR HIM?

F.B.I. ALREADY STATIONED AT ALL TERMINALS! POLICE ALSO! YOU, GINA, WATCH AT FERRY BUILDING! KIRK KEEP LOOKOUT AT OAKLAND BRIDGE!

SWELL! THAT SOUNDS EXCITING!

LOOK! OUT THERE! THIS PERSON GOES NOW TO BOARD WHITE SHIP IN DARK HARBOR!

SO FAR SO GOOD! LUCK'S MY MIDDLE NAME, ZARA! JUST STICK CLOSE TO ME, BEAUTIFUL!

WHEN WE GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE MEXICAN BORDER, NOT ENOUGH! WE MUST REPORT AT EL PASO, EH?

NO! PERSONAL SAFETY IS SEEDY ORIENTAL WALKS IN THE DIM MIST OF EARLY EVENING -

MEANWHILE, IN SAN FRANCISCO, A SEEDY ORIENTAL WALKS IN THE DIM MIST OF EARLY EVENING -

EMPLOYMENT AGENT

HA! THIS LOOKS LIKE RIGHT PLACE! PERHAPS RIGHT TIME, ALSO!

WANTED
PANTRYMAN - COOK - WAITER
COOK - CONSTRUCTION WORK
FLUNKY, RANCH WORK
CHAMBERLAIN FOR LUM
REEDER
ALL KINDS OF CHOICE JOBS
\$15 A MONTH AND FOOD
SATISFACTION ASSURED
APPLY INSIDE

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



MISTER TWO HEADS

BY MARY BAILEY

I DIDN'T like the guy. His repulsive and egotistical presence gave even that abode of bad auras, the Happy Days Bar and Grill, a bad air, and every time I glanced his way he was behaving as if he thought himself the life of the party. It was easy to dislike him twice as much as anyone I ever met. *The guy had two heads.*

Toby Perwold, perched on a high wooden stool at the other end of the bar, didn't think much of Mister Two Heads, either. I could hear Toby muttering over and over, "A guy ain't got a right to have two heads."

Did this bother Mister Two Heads? *It did not!* Mister Two Heads just kept stowing the cole slaw and the stewed clams from the free lunch into his two big mouths and double-chewed contentedly.

Overwhelmed by the injustice of this, I bowed my head on a basket of pretzels and wept, while Joe the Bartender told me the story of Toby Perwold and Mister Two Heads.

TOBY (said Joe the Bartender) is what you'd call a teetotaler. He comes in here under the delusion that this is some kind of ice cream parlor and he will not even sip a Zombie Special until I assure him it's a raspberry soda.

So I was not surprised this afternoon when he dropped in for a case of ginger ale. Seems he stays up most nights writing drivel for the comic books—stuff about superduper heroes in capes and tight boots who fillet the mad monster population with bolts of atomic lightning—and he keeps his inspiration on the wing with root beer or, as the spirit prompts him, ginger ale.

At about the same time, the Treasurer of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club ordered a case of champagne, confiding chummily that it was for the annual Masquerade Dance.

Toby and the Treasurer renewed their acquaintanceship over tall glasses of Undertaker's Punch while I descended into the dark, ratty cellar where we keep our stock. When I returned with the champagne and ginger ale, Toby was offering to drive him and the champagne to the clubhouse. The Treasurer said he'd be delighted to accept a lift.

Ten minutes later they were weaving crazily through traffic. The Treasurer was sitting on the handlebars of Toby's bicycle, holding the two cases of beverage on his lap, and Toby was pedalling unsteadily.

ABOUT midnight, so I'm told, Toby ceased punishing his typewriter long enough to get a bottle of ginger ale from the refrigerator. It was soon apparent that this was one of the better brands. Toby liked the sparkle and the bubbly taste. He poured himself another glass and went back to work.

The story he was plagiarizing was so terribly frightening him, even if it didn't frighten his acrobatic hero, who pelted into the two-headed gorillas with snappy wisecracks. Toby

felt the need of a bracer. He went to the refrigerator for another bottle of ginger ale.

MEANWHILE, the Masquerade Dance was not doing so well.

For weeks lips had smacked in anticipation of flowing rivers of champagne, and noses hitherto accustomed only to beer foam had twitched happily, imagining the delicious tingle of bursting champagne bubbles. Now the members and their ladies were disappointed. They did not express it in just these words, but they had expected that champagne would taste like elixir from the snowy Himalayas, or at least like nectar from Olympia to stimulate their tipsily soaring spirits.

Instead, the stuff tasted like ginger ale. And after waiting without effect for the stimulation to begin, the boys went back to the old reliable beer kegs. The members of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club, who are recruited from among the more muscular dock workers largely for the breadth of their biceps, are philosophical souls. They soon forgot their disappointment and rancor in the pleasant sport of banging one another over the head with chairs and table legs and hand grenades made to look like ping pong balls.

Not so the Treasurer. He knew it was only a matter of time before the rest of the boys sated with the joy of cracking one another's skulls, would begin asking questions. They would probe. They would suspect the worst. They would twist a Treasurer's arm, thinking they'd been bilked.

The Treasurer had a clear conscience in the matter of the champagne purchase he had not chiseled more than his customary percentage. But would the boys believe this? The Treasurer thought not, and meditating bitterly upon the lack of trust in this world, he slid down the dumbwaiter with some empty beer kegs, and made his escape through the basement window.

He did not know that the President of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club already harbored dark suspicions, and was at that moment reading the labels on the champagne bottles. The President was not surprised at what he read. His mouth hardened. He slipped out while someone was blowing an air warden's whistle, and took up the Treasurer's trail.

THE trouble with masquerade costumes is that they make a fellow too conspicuous. The Treasurer handicapped by a woolly suit designed to imitate a gorilla's hide, nevertheless climbed over back fences and crawled through alleys without attracting more than a shoe or two which materialized out of the night when he inadvertently set a whole stack of ashcans rolling down cellar steps.

Then, just as he was congratulating himself upon reaching home without being seen, he discovered that he had forgotten his keys.

He hesitated to press the button of the night bell. Such a rash act would bring the night-

BIG SHOT

shirted building superintendent to the door, and the next day the whole neighborhood would know that the Treasurer, normally a self-respecting citizen, went about revelling in a woolly gorilla suit.

He could, he reflected, grab the keys from the superintendent and dash for his apartment. At least he could have, if he hadn't left the mask behind at the Dance.

There was one other way of getting in. It would require agility and caution, but he could reach his fourth-floor apartment by the fire-escape.

A moment later, the gorilla-costumed Treasurer scrambled up the wall and swung onto the fire-escape.

He was unobserved, except by one person. This was a fantastic figure in red, who wore horns and carried his forked tail wrapped around his arm. It was the President of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club.

TOBY PERWOLD had never tasted such ginger ale. The stuff had his hearty endorsement, and he toyed with the notion of writing to tell the manufacturers so.

Long since he had given up the idea of finishing his script for the comic book that night. Of course, the artist would be starving for work, and couldn't begin working until Toby's script arrived. Let the blighter starve, Toby thought happily.

Besides, Toby doubted whether he had read the human heart right. Would, for instance, a nice chap like his superduper hero in the satin cape actually best to a pulp a poor two-headed gorilla, who, after all, probably worked hard to support a widowed mother? Toby thought not. In fact, Toby told himself, in a surge of love for all God's world, if a two-headed gorilla should step through the window, he himself would welcome the creature like a brother.

The next instant, a two-headed gorilla did.

THE Treasurer, taking care not to knock off any flower-pots, intended going straight up the fire-escape to his apartment. But he could not resist the temptation to look into the lighted room. And when he saw Toby Perwold sitting at his desk, a silly expression on his face and six empty bottles lying around his typewriter, the Treasurer forgot himself.

"Hullo," Toby greeted him. "Won't you sit down for a nip of ginger ale?"

The creature's heads were remotely human, and Toby expected that at least one of them would smile. Instead, both heads regarded him with smouldering, unfriendly eyes.

"Ginger ale?" Two Heads repeated, tight-lipped.

"Yeah. I got a whole case in the refrigerator. Take a bottle. Take two."

"Where did you get this stuff?" demanded Two Heads.

"From Joe the Bartender, who runs that de-lightful ice cream parlor down the street."

Two Heads picked up one of the bottles to read the label. In his four eyes burned the light of a Treasurer who suddenly understands all: how a little pipsqueak of a writer, on pretext of giving him a lift to the clubhouse, switched the cases of beverage and slyly kept the champagne for himself, and now, caught red-handed with the goods, pretends to think it ginger ale.

"Come, come," Two Heads snapped. "Where

is the rest of this stuff? I want it QUICK!"

"One bottle, or two, you can have, Mister Two Heads," Toby answered generously, "but no more!"

"I want it all!" Two Heads shouted, and his four eyes blazed madly. "You said it was in the refrigerator, didn't you?" He tried to brush past Toby to the kitchen.

A man of Toby's slight physique shrinks from physical violence. But now it was as if he were defending the sanctity of the American Home. What, he seemed to ask himself as he grabbed a bottle off the desk and lifted it behind Two Heads, will become of the American system of civil liberties if two-headed gorillas can invade a fellow's refrigerator and walk off with his ginger ale?

The bottle swished on empty air. Toby would have sworn his aim was true; but the bottle seemed to pass through the gorilla's left head.

Two Heads didn't like that. Both his ugly faces twisted in anger and half-frightened Toby to death.

In frantic haste, Toby swung again. Once more he thought he saw the bottle pass through one of the gorilla's heads—this time the one on the right side. The bottle struck nothing but air.

"Here you, cut that out!" said Two Heads. Both mouths seemed to be yelling at once, and what's more he seemed suddenly to have grown four arms that stretched menacingly in Toby's direction.

Toby waited till he saw the whites of the enemy's four eyes. Taking careful aim between them, he swung the bottle with all his 102 pounds.

The bottle exploded. *A direct hit!*

Two Heads sank to the floor, his eyes glassy and unseeing.

Toby regarded his handiwork with the smugness of an old Roman gladiator who has sneaked over a fast battle-axe on a barbarian Hun.

"Nobody's taking that ginger ale from me," he boasted. "Not even the devil himself!"

"What did you say, Bud?" said a voice. And Toby, turning nervously, beheld a figure in red with enormous horns and a forked tail looped around its arm, stepping over the window sill.

JOE THE BARTENDER sighed. "The President of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club was relieved to find that the Treasurer was a man of honor and wholly blameless. He promised to keep the matter secret, if they split what remained of the case of champagne three ways. He is an honorable man, and he will keep his promise."

I lifted my head out of the pretzel basket on the bar and the next instant was sorry. The guy with the two heads was still there, and I disliked him more than ever. Both his heads were ugly as mortal sin, and, to make matters worse, each wore a turban of white bandages.

Toby Perwold was banging his glass upon the other end of the bar.

"Trow that bum out!" he shouted. "A guy ain't oughta have two heads, anyway!"

"Yeah," I echoed, looking Mister Two Heads square in his four eyes. "Trow that bum out!"

"Shuddup!" said Joe the Bartender. "That bum is you. You're looking in the mirror."

CAPTAIN YANK

FRANK
TINSLEY

ON HIS WAY TO REPORT TO NAVAL HOOHS IN TUNISIA YANK RESCUES A MYSTERIOUS VEILED WOMAN WHO INSISTS ON SEEING THE U.S. COMMANDER...



BIG SHOT

OUI, MONSIEUR...
EET EES NOW UN-
FORTUNATELY, EEN
GERMAN HANDS.
BUT...

TRUST I'M
NOT INTRUDING,
GENTLEMEN...
WHAT GOES ON?

THE
ADMIRAL!

I COULDN'T HELP OVER-
HEARING PART OF YOUR
CONVERSATION, GENT-
LEMEN — ENOUGH TO
AROUSE MY CURIOUSITY...

SORRY IF WE
DISTURBED YOU, SIR...
CAPT. YANK
BROUGHT THIS
GIRL HERE.
SHE CLAIMS TO HAVE
IMPORTANT INFORMA-
TION FOR US!

I WEE VOUCH FOR
HER LOYALTY, MON
ADMIRAL... PERMIT
ME TO PRESENT
Mlle. DUPLEX!

CHARMED, I'M SURE...
AND THIS INFORMATION
YOU SPEAK OF?

EET CONCERNS MY FATHER'S TOWN,
MONSIEUR LE ADMIRAL... YOUR
BEEG BOMBERS AVE SMASH THE
HARBORS OF TUNIS AND BIZERTE.
SO LE BOCHE CANNOT USE THEM!
THEY TRY TO MOVE SUPPLIES FROM
SOUSSE, ON THE EAST COAST, BUT
THE ROADS, THEY ARE TOO BAD...

THEN THE NAZIS START A
SECRET BASE AT TAHAMET
FOR SUPPLY NORTHERN FRONT...
OIL, PETROL, FOOD, AMMUNITION—
EET COME EVERY NIGHT TO OUR
LEETLE TOWN — BY GLIDER!

WHEN I COMPREHEND
HOW IMPORTANT TO
LE BOCHE EES THEE'S
NEW BASE, I COME
QUEECK TO TELL YOU!

IF IT'S AS BIG AS YOU
SAY, MADAMOISELLE,
HOW COME OUR FLYERS
HAVEN'T SPOTTED IT?

THE BOCHE GLIDERS COME ONLY
AT NIGHT — AND THEY HIDE THE
MUNITIONS EEN BEEG CAVE
ON THE COAST... EEF MONSIEUR
LE ADMIRAL DOUBTS MY WORD.
I HAVE PROOF!

IT'S A SUPPLY DUMP,
ALL RIGHT —
NO QUESTION
ABOUT THAT!

FLASHLIGHT
SNAP-SHOTS!
HOW'D YOU GET 'EM?

THE BASE EES GUARD BY
ITALIAN SOLDIERS — WORK
ALL NIGHT, SLEEP EEN MORN-
ING... WHILE MY FRIEND
DESTRUCT SENTRY, I SNEAK
EENSIDE AND POUF!

BIG SHOT



LATER



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

THEY'D CALL IT RUNNING AWAY. I SPOSE IT'S A THROW-BACK TO MY WILD ANCESTORS, BUT I'D LIKE TO HIT THE TRAIL.. ROAM THE WOODS AND JUST HUNT AND HUNT AND ----



!!★!!@~!! WHERE'D THAT THING GO...?... IT MUST HAVE SPRING FEVER TOO.



LATER

MOM... DAD! I CAN'T FIND BO... I'VE CALLED AND CALLED BUT HE DIDN'T COME. I JUST KNOW THAT SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!



HE PROBABLY WASN'T HUNGRY... YOU MISS A MEAL OCCASIONALLY HE'LL SHOW UP... STOP CRYING AND WIPE AWAY THOSE TEARS. HERE'S MY HANKY

WAIT, JUNIOR. I'LL GET A TISSUE...



MEANWHILE

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS THAT SPRING FEVER DOES TO YOU, BUT I JUST DON'T FEEL LIKE GOING BACK HOME.



DAWN

OH BOY AM I HAVING FUN CHASING RABBITS AND SQUIRRELS... LOOK AT THAT BABY GO...



THIS SPRING FEVER SURE BRINGS OUT THE INSTINCTS OF MY WILD ANCESTORS WELL... I'VE CHASED THAT RABBIT HOME...



HOME! THAT REMINDS ME... WONDER IF THE FOLKS HAVE MISSED ME? OH WELL THEY GO OFF ON VACATIONS TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL AND NOBODY WORRIES



BIG SHOT

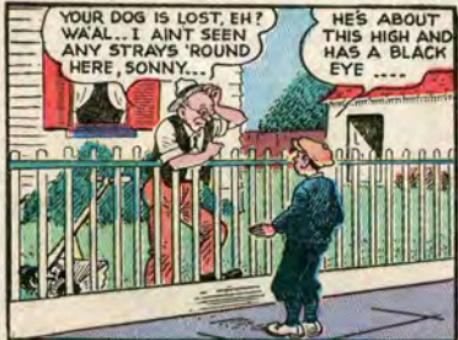
BACK HOME



Bo's
SECOND
DAY
AWAY
FROM
HOME



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



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The FACE

by MART BAILEY



WILD BILL SOGGANS NEVER EXPECTED SO MUCH TROUBLE! FIRST, HE HEARD HIMSELF ACCUSED OF HAVING COMMITTED AN ANCIENT MURDER AS THE FACE. THEN A LITTLE BROWN THIEF SCURRIED INTO THE JUNGLE WITH THE FACE MASK.... MEANTIME, TONY TRENT HAS ONLY BEEN IMPRISONED AND TORTURED BY THE JAPANESE....

65

DEEP IN THE JUNGLE... A TRIBE OF PIGMIES HAS ENTHRONED THE DEMONIC LITTLE MAN...



THEY THINK HE'S A GOD OR SOMETHING, BECAUSE OF THE FACE MASK... HOW ARE WE EVER GOING TO GET IT BACK?



I'LL GET IT—AND THIS TIME THOSE SPEARMEN WON'T STOP ME!

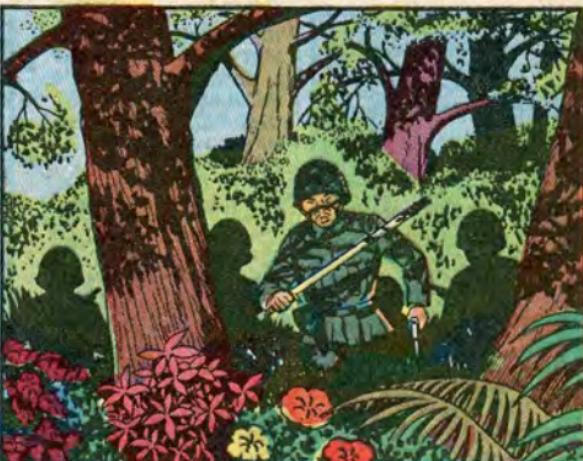
A PRISON CAMP IN JAPAN...

YOU DID A GREAT JOB, FATHER, ORGANIZING THIS BASEBALL!



THANK THE FOLKS BACK HOME... BUT WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE OVER THE OUTFIELD, TONY? WE NEED A GOOD MAN OUT THERE!

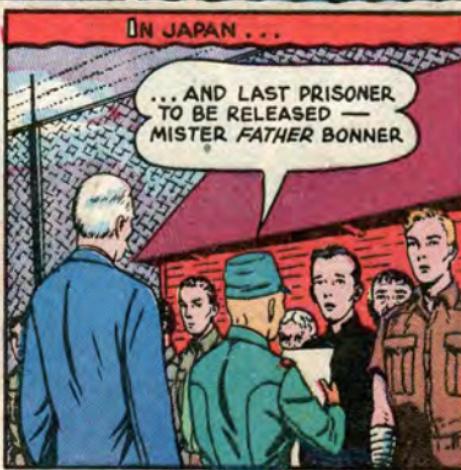
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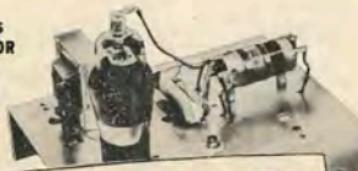


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